For the Children

WILLIE'S DILEMMA.

By Adelbert F. Caldwell.

"Lend your ears to all that's good,"
Grandma said, "as each boy should."

"And your arm," said Grandpa Horne;
"Some need it to lean upon."

"Lend your hand," said Cousin Dick.
"Watch your chances; give it quick."

"Cast your eyes," said Auntie Sue,
"Round you; seek some good to do.

"If I lend my arms and ears,"
Willie said, almost in tears,

"And my eyes cast all around
(They'd hurt awfully on the ground).

"And give my hand, I—I can't see
As there'd be much left of me."

—Ex.

A CHANCE FOR BOYS.

By Mildred Welch.

It is a good thing to be a hero and we all wish we had the chance. What dreams we have of how we would carry the enemy's breastworks, the dead and dying all around us, and fall at last, ourselves, our faces to the front; our country's victorious banner waving over our dead bodies.

Or we wish we could win the Carnegie medal for heroism or belong to the immortal Legion of Honor. If a fellow only had a chance!

You have a chance, boys; a chance to serve the world and your fellowmen as none of your friends who will be lawyers, engineers, merchants or teachers, will ever serve it. Have you guessed it—the ministry? But it does not sound attractive, does it? The ministers you know don't look like heroes. They look like they had a hard time and you know they never can make money and they always have to be looking out for other people instead of themselves so that if that is being a hero, just please excuse me.

It is all true and yet boys, here is your chance; the glorious chance to be a hero which you have all been wanting. I think it is like that beautiful old story some one had told us of Gaston de Foix.

In the year 1512 the Spanish and the French were fighting each other on the sunny plains of Italy. The Spanish army had won famous victories on almost every battlefield of Europe; the French army was only the broken half of the great force Louis XII. had sent to Italy. But it had at its head Gaston de Foix, the nephew of the King. He was hardly more than a boy, but so brave, so bright, and dauntless that his scarred and battered soldiers worshipped him.

One day there came a crisis in the battle. Two battalions of Spanish infantry that had conquered in every fight were about to break through the French lines and Gaston de Foix determined to lead a charge against them. His men pressed close about him, begging and pleading with him not to throw his life away. But while they still urged he suddenly broke away crying: "Let him who loves me follow me!" and spurred his horse toward the enemy's lines.

They hesitated a moment, then every nobleman of France, every rude hired soldier, every peasant with a lance, followed with that cry, "Let him who loves me follow me!" ringing in his ears.

The Spanish were not used to giving way but they gave way before that onslaught. The lilies of France waved above the lions of Aragon and a great shout of triumph went up from the victorious French.

But the gallant boy-general lay dead on the field and above him, nobleman, peasant and soldier, lay those who had answered that brave call with their lives. You would have followed him, too, wouldn't you boys? Then, listen,—for still that cry rings out and in the forefront of the battle stands the Christ, that Christ who understands all a boy's thoughts and longings, and He calls, "Let him who loves Me follow Me!"

So clear, so sweet rings out that call, and as in that other battle fought so many hundred years ago, the brave, the strong, the loving will answer it. Will you be among them, boys?

ROBINSON.

A Whole Village Built High Up in the Trees.

So far as I know—and I have traveled the world over—there is but one place in civilization where a whole village is built high up in big forest trees. Of course, in savage lands, especially in cannibal New Guinea, tree houses are common enough, and so are dwellings propped on stilts out in the shallow seas. But then the occupants are always terrified lest fierce raiders come to burn and kill and kidnap; and while in their tree-top huts or sea-propped homes they feel themselves secure and in a position to espy the stranger from afar, and accost him from a safe distance.

Vastly different, however, is the charming village of Robinson, near Paris. You may call it the Coney Island of the French metropolis; but there is no noise, no vulgarity, nothing but a quiet appreciation of lovely scenery, and a wholesome resolve to spend a few hours in novel surroundings, away from the fret and turmoil of a vast city. Robinson was "invented" by Jacques Guesquin, a humble rentier, a man who had made a little fortune in Paris, and then retired into the suburb to "plant cabbages," as the French say, alluding to their ideal of the country life.

But that was sixty years ago. Monsier Guesquin cast about for a likely site for his retirement, and hit at last upon the vicinity of Sceaux and Fontenay-aux-Roses, only seven miles from the city. A lovely spot. The quiet lane was hedged with wild roses, and ran along the shoulder of the hill, flanked by immemorial elms and immense chestnuts, survivals of the great forest that once encircled all Paris.

Here old Guesquin built a cottage, but soon found he must occupy his mind with other things besides planting cabbages. For his had been an active life. He therefore decided to open a little store, and thus keep his slender capital from diminishing too quickly. He wondered why the weary brain-workers of the city close by had never found out this retreat. He presently bought another plot of land, higher up the lane.